

Oxford Democrat.

NO. 13, VOLUME 8, NEW SERIES.

PARIS, MAINE, TUESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1848.

OLD SERIES, NO. 21, VOLUME 17.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT,
PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY, BY
C. Q. C. Ellett,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PRICE—ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS.
In advance.
ALL EXPENSES incurred in publishing the paper, except the proprietor not being remunerated for his services, beyond the amount charged for the advertisement. A reasonable deduction will be made for payment in advance.

Book and Job Printing
PROMPTLY AND NEATLY EXECUTED.

NOTES.

LIFE.

... What is life?—deceitful dream!
Who finds its pleasures what they seem?
We see a bed of flowers and try
Their fragrance, and, behold!—we die!
They're poisonous! hardly one will prove
An object worthy of our love;
And such as do soon loose their worth,
Proving their origin from earth.

We pass the days of youth; and, minds
Requiring food, we try to find
Something that may engross its powers—
Something to charm the lengthening hours;
But, do we find a single one
To last for aye? when it is won.

Love is the first that glads our frame;
We think 't will always be the same;
But taste is changeable, and the eye
Deceitful; other eyes we spy
More beautiful than we choose;
The violet fades before the rose;
And first affection dies away
Ere it has had a short lived day.

Then comes the love of pleasure; sense
Directs us, and our great defence,
Our innocence is gone, 'ere yet
Our pure affection we forget;
And, therefore, conscience racks us sore,
Planting its dart in our heart's core.

Ambition comes, to lure in turn,
For place and power we fiercely burn;
We cringe, and barter our good name,
To win a short lived worthless fame;
And, while we think our stations sure,
The "people" turn our castles o'er!

Then, love of money is the next
Of life's dull sermon, for a text;
We grasp and toll, and wake and weep,
And, meanly, near the wealthy creep;
We sacrifice our honor, till
Our many empty bags we fill;
And then we find our wealth accurst,
Our golden ingots are but—dust!

Is there, then, nothing that will stand?
Will all things only wound the hand
That grasps them? is there not on earth
Something to give the soul new birth?
And satisfy its wants? There is!
Something to give perfect bliss;

To fill up every void. Look up
And see the sun of earthly joys
The only joy to fill our hearts
The only love that never departs.
That keeps happy year by year
Wipes from our eyes each scolding tear,
And leads us to a bliss above
When life is past.—THE LOVE OF GOD.

From *Frederick's British Magazine*.

The Silver Arrow.

A TALE OF SAVOY.

Upon the summit of a lofty cliff in mountainous Savoy stood the castle of Count Rudolin, frowning grimly in the midst of sun-light upon the peaceful cottages below. Stern, rough, and half inaccessible, it was a fair type of its lord, the last Count of his line. And the sunny brightness, so lavishly poured upon it, was truly like the sweet influences of his young and gentle daughter. Father and child, of the same name, but nothing more in common. Where sympathy is wanting there is little interest, so that while he regarded his daughter only as his heiress, his repelling roughness still caused him to look upon her merely as her guardian and natural protector.

In the deep narrow valley at the foot of the hill lay a humble cottage, buried in the shade of its lofty neighbor. The old master, Melchior, was the minstrel and was born of the whole barony. In those days, the classes were commonly united, and the harper, who delighted high-born lords and ladies with his minstrelsy, was the repository of the peasants, unwritten lore, the story teller whom they always welcomed, the seer whom they revered. Melchior pretended to little of the latter character, except when it was forced upon him, or could be made advantageous to his interest. Albert, his adopted son, was a manly youth, deeply versed in the "gay science," and yet the master of a spirit well fitted to lead in the front ranks of strife. The hand, which ran so lightly over the gentle guitar, was hardest in the contest, surest in blow. Well worthy was he to have been a pupil of Scott's warrior minstrel, the jovial harper, who died at Jedwood Air.

"He brooked, not he, that scolding tongue
Should tax his misdeeds with wrong,
Or call his song untrue
For this, when they the goblet piled,
And such rude tumult had chased his pride,

The bark of Rudolf he clew."

And such round were stained with blood;
Where still the thorn's white branches wave
Memorial on his rival's grave."

Of such round were the minstrels of former
days, equally ready to exalt their science with
sweetness of voice or strength of arm.

The adopted mother of Albert was foster-mother to the infant Countess Lilien, and from earliest childhood, notwithstanding the disparity
of their conditions, an intimacy had grown up

with the growth between the peasant's son and the daughter of Count Rudolin. She, the gentlest and loveliest of little maidens, was not the one to think of rank, and his strange wild heart burning with patriotic fire, knew that it could disgrace the friendship of none, even of the loftiest. And no dream of love had yet entered the thoughts of either. Their ages were the same, but the natural soul of Albert naturally found itself sustaining her tender and womanly spirit. This difference compensated for the equality in years, and placed him in the relation with man instinctively dear to the other sex. Their meetings had always been frequent, almost daily; yet neither of them ever dreamed of the inevitable result. Through the peasant's son and noble's daughter might be freely together as fast as brother and sister, who could suppose they would dare to form a stronger tie?

They were now sixteen, and just arriving at a knowledge of the truth. The woman's nature of Lilien first perceived it, and her reserve, her shyness from their place of meeting, and above all, "We are sixteen," conveyed it also to Albert's mind. Though yet unworn in the world's ways, and trudging with the delicious consciousness of a first love, she had sufficient pride of ancestral birth to feel that they must meet no more. But Albert was more hopeful. He too saw the barrier between them, but he also knew the power of an invincible energy, and resolved never to yield his truth.

It was several days since they had last seen each other, and both looked eagerly forward to a grand fête which the Count was preparing to give his dependants. Such had been an immemorial custom in the barony, and one that he hardly dared to interrupt, though his taste was not festivals and merry-making for the poor. Perhaps he endured it less unwillingly, because the jovial unthinking tenantry would endure a year of oppression more readily, after a single day of pleasure. Upon these occasions feats of wrestling and archery throughout the day, followed by dancing in the great hall of the castle, amused the people and delighted not unfrequently the surly Count himself.

The morning of the festival dawned, and neither Countess Lilien or the young minstrel peasant imagined that their respective fates were crowded together within that single day.

The great east of the castle was early thrown open, and as they assembled from every part of the army. It was the only place near enough well adapted for such occasions. In the walls of the castle itself, a long smooth path was cut, stretching even to the verge of one of the ancient stone gorges, so common in that treacherous country. It was a fissure between two portions of the small hill, running sheer down to an immense height, until where a mountain torrent dashes freely along its rocky floor, the width of the fearful chasm was not more than thirty feet, and the two edges were connected by a single narrow bridge. This was the only defile of the castle on that side, and there at least, made it almost impregnable.

The spear quenched, but Albert took no part in the games, and the night had passed on, so that while he regarded his daughter only as his heiress, his repelling roughness still caused him to look upon her merely as her guardian and natural protector.

The deep narrow valley at the foot of the hill lay a humble cottage, buried in the shade of its lofty neighbor. The old master, Melchior, was the minstrel and was born of the whole barony. In those days, the classes were commonly united, and the harper, who delighted high-born lords and ladies with his minstrelsy, was the repository of the peasants, unwritten lore, the story teller whom they always welcomed, the seer whom they revered. Melchior pretended to little of the latter character, except when it was forced upon him, or could be made advantageous to his interest. Albert, his adopted son, was a manly youth, deeply versed in the "gay science," and yet the master of a spirit well fitted to lead in the front ranks of strife. The hand, which ran so lightly over the gentle guitar, was hardest in the contest, surest in blow. Well worthy was he to have been a pupil of Scott's warrior minstrel, the jovial harper, who died at Jedwood Air.

"I am not the unskillful marksman whose arrow can miss," said the Count sternly, as he received the shaft and bow. This arrow, which had descended through many generations to the heirs of Rudolin, was delicately moulded of virgin metal. The shaft was hollow and skillfully ornamented with strange characters, and aside from the magic powers commonly attributed to it, was indeed a sure weapon in the hands of a good marksman. The Count examined it reverently, placed it in the bow and turned to the mute sign to approach her.

"Can you not save him, father Melchior?"

"No harm of life or limb will come to Albert.

"I know that which will set him free, and if it comes to worst I will speak."

"Save him then as he is. Can you talk so coolly of the dangers to the son whom you have adopted as your own?"

"Countess Lilien, he can be relieved only by your own fall. Do you consent to the sacrifice? Betray him before you speak."

"I need no thought. Say what you know no matter what happens to me. I cannot be more wretched than I am now."

"Then I will do it," exclaimed the old man.—

"It is time,—full time that the whole truth was known."

He struck his harp; the dancing ceased, and all gathered around the minstrel for his accusation and tale. But when their attention was secured, he commenced abruptly with recital of his story, addressing himself particularly to Count Rudolin.

"There once lived a baron whose life was cheered by a good and beautiful lady. She died and left them but one pledge of their happiness—a newborn child. Years passed by, and the young Countess arrived just upon the verge of womanhood, lovely as her mother before her and blessed by all. But unfortunately she loved a peasant, and this awakened the baron's wrath. The Count Rudolin, discovering that was not his child—

"Stop!" shouted a loud voice. The Count placed himself in front of the old minstrel and eyed him sternly. "Melchior, it was of Count Rudolin that you spoke. Speak on now what you have to say."

"I spoke," said Melchior calmly, of the noble

Count Rudolin and my daughter, Lilien. The

wife who attended upon the Countess at her

death, wifey my wife. She had been angered by

her lady, and had vowed a deep revenge, which

should strike into the very House of Rudolin.

Here he stopped a moment and coolly formed

his plan. There was no other course than to

advance rapidly upon the rotten bank. It over-

head, and to return in the same manner. He

stepped nimbly and bravely forward. His

eye was fixed upon the silver arrow, as it glittered before him, loosely hanging to the branch

with nothing between it and the torrent but

a hundred feet of air. It was reached and in

the bold youth's hand. Had he moved on with

outstopping, the decayed wood might have

bent its burden a little longer, but the unavoidable

pause in grasping the shaft brought his whole

weight upon the particular point. The branch

cracked. He threw the arrow at the Count's

feet just as the boath broke from the tree with

a crashing noise and fell down the abyss.

A cry of terror burst from the crowd.

In that dreadful moment, when his sole sup-

port gave way, the youth's daring coolness did

not fail him. With a nervous effort, that snapp-

ed at the fatal clasp clear from the tree, he

sprang forward as far as possible into the air.

His only hope was to catch the bridge, just on

one side, in his descent, and he barely succeeded.

His fingers just closed upon the rail, and

though the sudden shock in falling nearly swam

him away, he depended upon his grasp, and he

slightly maintained it for a second. Then he

gripped it firmly, and, with a shout of triumph,

he sprang forward as far as possible into the air.

His only hope was to catch the bridge, just on

one side, in his descent, and he barely succeeded.

His fingers just closed upon the rail, and

though the sudden shock in falling nearly swam

him away, he depended upon his grasp, and he

slightly maintained it for a second. Then he

gripped it firmly, and, with a shout of triumph,

he sprang forward as far as possible into the air.

His only hope was to catch the bridge, just on

one side, in his descent, and he barely succeeded.

His fingers just closed upon the rail, and

though the sudden shock in falling nearly swam

him away, he depended upon his grasp, and he

slightly maintained it for a second. Then he

gripped it firmly, and, with a shout of triumph,

he sprang forward as far as possible into the air.

His only hope was to catch the bridge, just on

one side, in his descent, and he barely succeeded.

His fingers just closed upon the rail, and

though the sudden shock in falling nearly swam

him away, he depended upon his grasp, and he

slightly maintained it for a second. Then he

gripped it firmly, and, with a shout of triumph,

he sprang forward as far as possible into the air.

His only hope was to catch the bridge, just on

one side, in his descent, and he barely succeeded.

His fingers just closed upon the rail, and

though the sudden shock in falling nearly swam

him away, he depended upon his grasp, and he

slightly maintained it for a second. Then he

gripped it firmly, and, with a shout of triumph,

he sprang forward as far as possible into the air.

His only hope was to catch the bridge, just on

one side, in his descent, and he barely succeeded.

His fingers just closed upon the rail, and

though the sudden shock in falling nearly swam

him away, he depended upon his grasp, and he

slightly maintained it for a second. Then he

gripped it firmly, and, with a shout of triumph,

he sprang forward as far as possible into the air.

His only hope was to catch the bridge, just on

one side, in his descent, and he barely succeeded.

His fingers just closed upon the rail, and

though the sudden shock in falling nearly swam

LATER FROM EUROPE.

American steamship United States, Captain Hucksell, arrived at New York on Tuesday evening last from Havre, which port she left on the 13th inst.

FRANCE. France was tranquil under the rule of Gen. Cavaignac, but not content. The assembly was still discussing the proposed constitution. The right to universal education was earnestly contended for. A gigantic plan of graduated taxation on inheritance was discussed, and would probably pass. Considerant, the leading associationist, had replied in the assembly to the speech of M. Thiers on the right to labor. Cobet, the communist leader, had applied to government for permission to transport himself and his followers to Texas. Gen. Duvierville died on the night of the 8th, of his wounds. Arrests of parties supposed to be implicated in the disturbances of the 23d and 24th of June were taking place daily. The number of prisoners already in power of the government was said to amount to 12,000 or 13,000.

In consequence of the firm attitude of the government, mercantile matters in France appeared disposed to improve. The funds had risen considerably. Paris remained, up to Sunday night, 9th inst., perfectly tranquil. The insurgents were not, however, considered thoroughly beaten. Immense numbers still remained in the city, awaiting another opportunity for an outbreak. Gen. Bedeau has accepted the portfolio of minister of foreign affairs.

All the intelligence from France tends to produce the belief that the government is about to be merged in a military despotism. It was acknowledged by well-informed Frenchmen that this would pave the way for a regency, and it was expected that Thiers, Odilon Barrot, and others, would shortly be called to assist in his council. It was generally believed that Lamarque, and others of the late executive government, were implicated in the recent insurrection.

Confidence appears by some accounts to be gaining ground, and a renewal of trade was looked for. Considerable purchases of manufactured goods were said to have been made in Paris during the week.

Havre, Wednesday, July 12.—The latest Paris papers, just received by express, afford but little intelligence of interest with regard to politics. There was a general decline in French funds and railroads; 3 per cent, 48f 52; 5 per cent, 7f 25. The state of siege, although strictly maintained in the banlieue, was somewhat relaxed in Paris. The disarming of the national guards of the 8th, 9th and 12th arrondissements, was proceeding satisfactorily. The fall in the French funds is attributed to a report of the concentration of the Russian troops towards Gallia-

Inland. Charles Garvin Duffy has been arrested under the colony act, and committed for trial August 8th. Bail was offered and refused. Martin, the publisher of the Irish *Felon*, surrendered himself. Messrs. O'Doherty and Williams, proprietors of the Tribune, had also been arrested. The Irish repeal Association had pronounced against the clubs, and decided that the reply to the circular of the clubs proposing union should only promise to unite in legal and constitutional resistance.

SPAIN. The town of Ripoli, in Catalonia, has been taken by the insurgents under Cabra. Lord Palmerston was said to be assisting the plans of the Carlists with arms, ammunition and money. Navarez has declared that Spain will prefer a war to making an apology for the expulsion of Mr. Bulwer.

THE WAR IN ITALY. The Austrian government have issued a manifesto declaring that every endeavor to make peace with Lombardy having proved abortive, the war will now be prosecuted with the utmost vigor. An engagement is expected in a few days between Radetsky and the Sardinian forces, and fears were expressed that King Charles Albert would be beaten. In that case the intervention of France will be solicited. The siege of Verona was to commence on the 15th of July. Charles Albert had abandoned his intention of attacking Verona, and had turned his attention to the means of rendering assistance to the Venetians.

GERMANY. Disturbances had occurred at Cassel in Germany. A fight took place between the party in favor of the archduke John and the republicans.

In Prague, in consequence of some shots having been fired on the soldiers of a guard house during the night of the 28th ult., the governor had again proclaimed martial law.

DENMARK AND THE DUCHESS. The report that a three month armistice between the Germans and Duncs had been agreed upon, is confirmed.

RUSSIA. Gen. Lüders, a favorite of the czar, is at the head of 60,000 men, intended to take possession of the principalities of the Danube. Letters from Petersburg state that the number of persons attacked with cholera was over 35,000.

TURKEY. The Journal de Constantinople states that the cholera was on the decrease in that city, but raging terribly at Galatz.

FOUR DAYS LATER FROM ENGLAND.

The new steamship Europa, arrived at Boston on the morning of July 27th, bringing four days later news.

In commercial affairs there is a marked improvement in England. The money market is easier than at the last accounts.

The proceedings of Parliament are not of much interest.

The royal agricultural society met at York on the 14th, and among the speeches was one by Mr. Bancroft, American Minister, who after being several times called for, made a very beautiful address, which was immensely cheered.

IRELAND. The affairs of Ireland do not improve. Arrest, by the Government, for politi-

cial offenses continue to be made, and one or more newspapers which has used language not pleasing to "the powers that be," has been suppressed, creating no small amount of excitement among the populace.

FRANCE. Paris, although tranquil, is not in such a state as to warrant any favorable hopes for the future. Arrests continue to take place of those engaged in the insurrection of June, and the vast number of prisoners who crowd the prisons of Paris at the present moment, is a source of great embarrassment to the Government. According to a statement made by the best informed of the Paris papers, they amount to labor. Cobet, the communist leader, had applied to government for permission to transport himself and his followers to Texas. Gen. Duvierville died on the night of the 8th, of his wounds. Arrests of parties supposed to be implicated in the disturbances of the 23d and 24th of June were taking place daily. The number of prisoners already in power of the government was said to amount to 12,000 or 13,000.

There are rumors abroad of a serious schism between the pure republican and moderate party in the government, which may possibly lead to fresh changes.

Grave apprehensions are entertained of an attempt to blow up portions of the capital, and all the avenues if the catacombs are scrupulously guarded.

The number of persons applying for passports for the interior or foreign countries, for the last three days, has been so great, as to render it necessary to open two new doors into the passport office, for their ingress and egress.

The National Assembly, it is believed, will undertake to frame all the laws of the Constitution, in which case it would sit twelve or fifteen months longer.

The Assembly has voted, by an immense majority, the establishment of a permanent camp of 50,000 men in Paris. It is determined to protect the capital from a new insurrection, to which those still look forward who covet pillage, and whose disappointed ambition or abortive utopian schemes render them discontented.

The French Government has received by telegraph accounts from Rome to the 7th ult., announcing the recognition of the Republic by the Pope.

It has been resolved, as an encouragement to building exempt all houses, which shall be commenced before the first of January from taxes for ten years.

Louis Bonapart, although returned from Corsica, has not thought fit to take his seat in the Assembly, and at present not even mentioned. The dynamic party is not, to all appearances, making any efforts to maintain a position; and the proceedings of the legitimists are veiled in profound secrecy. In short, it is impossible to conjecture what events will spring out of the present state of things; it is only apparent that some serious change or convolution will probably soon ensue, leaving the great problem of the Republic as it is at the present moment.

The temporary lull throughout Europe is, we fear, only a prelude to operations on, perhaps, a more extended scale than those we have already witnessed.

An armistice has been entered into between Denmark and the German Confederation; and it is hoped that the affairs of Germany will have become so far settled down before the expiration of the truce, that a definitive treaty of peace will be concluded.

From Russia there is as yet no authentic information respecting the movements of her armies on the frontiers. The latest intelligence from St. Petersburg announces the still alarming increase of the cholera in that capital. The mortality in the cases which have occurred is indeed alarming.

In Italy, the war is still carried on, without vigor, with the Austrians, and no prospect of a settlement.

Spain is far from being in a settled or a peaceful state. An insurrection appears to be gathering to a head, and the Government have taken decisive measures to suppress it, but with what success a few weeks will disclose,

The Parliament of Naples was opened by the King with a speech by commission, in which he expresses great regret for the untoward events that have passed, and promises more liberal measures for the future.

Egypt. By the last news from Egypt we learn that Mehemet Ali has become quite insane. He is permitted to walk out twice a day.

[Communicated to the N. Y. Evening Post.]

THE TARIFF OF 1846—THE WHIG PRESS.

The mutterings of the whig press, and giving out of many of the leading whig politicians in reference to the tariff, sub-treasury, &c., show clearly enough what the course of that party is likely to be, should they, unfortunately, get possession of the government. A restoration of the old tax bill, known as the tariff of 1832 with all its burdens, evils, and deceptions, would immediately take place. The independent treasury—which, during the year 1847, brought over twenty-four millions of specie into the country, and saved our banks from a suspension, and the country from a revolution, ruin, and disaster, as deplorable as that of 1836—would be repealed, and the old exploited, rotten, and swindling bank established in its place.

We all recollect how stoutly the whigs denied, and with what indignation they repelled the charge, previous to the election of General Harrison, of a desire to recharter the old bank.

We well recollect, too, how readily they forgot their pledges, and how soon they took up the rotten carcass of the "monster," and infused new life into its body by a recharter. Told most fortunately for the country, saved us from this curse by interposing his veto, for which he deserves the gratitude of the whole American people but Taylor pledges himself never to make use of this highly conservative and constitutional power, but would sign a bank charter, or anything else Congress might propose. So with the tariff: give the whigs power, and they would at once demolish the present judicious, equitable, revenue tariff, and reinstate the old, exploded, tax-gathering tariff of '42.

We never have had, since the government

was formed, so perfect a system for the collection of the revenue—one so beneficial to our manufacturing interests, or so equitable to the community at large—as the present tariff law; yet the agitators, the whig press and politicians, are ready and willing to throw the whole country into confusion,—are making the most sordid appeals to the manufacturer to break down the present law and establish a high protective one in its stead, overlooking the fact that they are handling a two-edged sword; for, while they would, for political and selfish purposes, attempt to benefit the one two hundred thousand manufacturers, they forget, or seem to forget, that whatever gains they make must come out of the millions of consumers. They would tax the whole for the benefit of a few.

The Express, ever unfortunate in its facts and arguments, is particularly so in reference to the developments lately made at this port, in which the receipts during the last six months are compared with the corresponding six months of last year, and the year previous under the old tariff.

The great argument made use of by the whigs when the present tariff law was undergoing discussion in Congress, was, that the principle adopted by Secretary Walker, that low duties not only benefited the manufacturer in the end, and the consumer, but would certainly increase the revenue, was fallacious. For this he was scoffed, mocked, and laughed at, denounced as ignorant of the first principles of political economy; and the estimates of receipts, which he based upon his own statement and plans, were declared to be but the emanations of a madman. But what do these whig gentlemen now say? They find that his every prediction is fulfilled to the letter, with almost prophetic accuracy.—The consumer buys goods cheaper than ever before; the manufacturers, who, under a high tariff, would have been broken down by competition, are more stable and firm in their position than ever; and, if they are not making dividends of 20 per cent. per annum on their capital, it yet pays better than capital employed in any other way while the revenue of the country is greater than ever before, and actually exceeds the estimate made by the Secretary, as the following statement, made by Collector Lawrence, clearly proves. The returns at this port, for the first six months of 1846, under the old tariff, and 1847 and 1848, under the new, are as follows:

1846. 1847. 1848.

\$30,519,909 \$38,346,614 \$41,087,963

Average rate of duty, 1846. 1847. 1848.

\$9,411,031 \$9,640,238 \$10,416,556

Average rate of duty, 1846. 1847. 1848.

30 7-8 pr. ct. 25 1-7 pr. ct. 25 1-7 pr. ct.

This under the much-denounced tariff of '46 which the whigs are trying to break down, yielding it does more revenue, and at average protective duty of 25 per cent, and at average protective duty of 20 per cent, and, to some of our leading manufactures, such as wool, iron &c., of 20 per cent, which, with the addition of charges, &c., is a clear protective duty of 40 to 50 per cent. What other interest in the country does the general government protect to this amount? Not one. The farmer, the laborer, receives none whatever; and yet the Express and other kindred prints would break it down. The Express is also in a terrible state of excitement at the bare idea of seven millions of gold having been exported during the last six months to pay for these excessive imports, overlooking the fact that twenty-four millions of specie were imported in 1847. But even the export of specie has now ceased. The steamer Britannia took away about seven thousand dollars, and the Sarah Sands none at all.

The Mexican war has closed, the manufacturers are established upon a firm basis, the consumer gets his goods cheaper than ever, the revenue constantly increases, there are twenty millions more specie in the country than there was four years ago, and the tokens of prosperity are seen on every side; yet the whigs say General Taylor must be elected to change all this. That is a question about which the judgment of the people is now appalled to. They will not, as in 1840, allow log-cabin songs and hard cider to sway that judgment, but, from the facts and evidence placed before them, will render an verdict.

WHAT LEADING WHIGS THINK OF GEN. CASS.

The Native Federal papers not only say that Gen. Cass is desirous of getting us into a war with England, without cause, but also aver that he has been no better than a common swindler and a "doughface." All these absurdities are sheer invention, that never would have been promulgated had General Cass not been the democratic candidate for the Presidency. Less than six years ago, the following was received by General Cass, which the reader will perceive was signed by some of the most eminent federalists in the country, as well as by democrats—

Mr. Armstrong, whose name stands first on the list, was once Lieutenant Governor, and afterwards Governor of Massachusetts, and then Mayor of Boston, offices held by whigs alone for a generation. Mr. Lawrence was need no more than a whig Senator, and Mr. Livermore has been a whig Senator, and Mr. Quincy is the Mayor of Boston, now, and has been a whig Senator, and President of the Massachusetts Senate. Here is the letter, with the signatures:

BOSTON, Dec. 7, 1842.

Sir.—The undersigned, citizens of New England, would congratulate your excellency on

your safe return in your native country after your faithful service and energetic proceedings at an important crisis in your distinguished mission; and respectfully request that you will give them and their fellow-citizens an opportunity of expressing personally the high respect which your public career and private virtues have uniformly inspired.

"Returning as you do with the approbation of that generous people, who were the first and for a long time, the only friends of our fathers, we would prefer that the meeting should be, at such a time as would suit your convenience, in Faneuil Hall, the spot associated most nearly with the dangers in which both nation participated, and the place in which, of all others, Americans would desire to welcome her deserving sons.

"We are, with sentiments of the highest consideration, your excellency's most obedient servants,

Sam'l T. Armstrong, S. Austin, Jr.,

Daniel Henshaw, F. Haven,

Robert G. Shaw, John B. Jones,

Bradford Sumner, Nathaniel Greene,

Abbot Lawrence, Sam'l F. Coolidge,

N. Appleton, A. L. Belknap,

Charles G. Greene, Isaac Livermore,

Thomas Montley, George Parkman,

William Sturgis, Samuel Dunn,

Josiah Quincy, Jr., John Lovson,

Joseph Tilden, Robert Hooper,

Daniel P. Parker, Charles Henshaw,

Peter O. Thatcher, Thaddeus Nichols,

Josiah Bradley, George M. Thatcher,

Thomas B. Wells, David Sears.

"To his Excellency, Lewis Cass."

Hampton Post.

when he was a candidate for office. Now, because the party that kept him in office thirty-five years thinks proper to support another man than he for the Presidency, he turns against it, and denounces his foul treachery with the name of principality, and about free soil.

But he is meeting with a traitor's reward—When Benedict Arnold escaped to London and attempted to flourish with his British commission in his pocket he was looked upon with contempt by the very people to whom he had sold himself, soul and body. They would have nothing to do with a traitor. Martin Van Buren stooped from his high position as an ex-President of the United States to court fanaticism and endeavor to rally around him all who love "one idea" better than they love our glorious Union, and offered them his "name and pretensions" which he had so solemnly pledged to the democratic party. But they have decidedly declined the copartnership. They will have nothing to do with a traitor. The abolitionists who in 1844, threw only some 15,000 of the almost 500,000 votes given in New York will have no connection with Martin Van Buren, who once had over 212,000 votes in that same state! They won't trust him.

Hampshire Post.

REASONS FOR BEING A DEMOCRAT.

At Bangor on the 4th, among other speakers who were present and addressed the "sea of upturned faces" around the democratic stand, was Col. John D. Kinsman, formerly of Portland, but now of Wisconsin. When Col. K. left Maine he was a whig—a real full-blooded one; consequently in addressing a democratic mass-meeting he felt called upon to refer to the reasons for change of position. This he did in the following felicitous manner, and it would be well for all candid whigs to "go and do likewise." We copy from the Republican Journal:

"Col. J. D. Kinsman, in a very handsome address, gave the reasons why he could not act longer with the whigs, and one was that he could not if he would, for they had ceased to be, and had, (to use an Antiquarian phrase) become 'disseminated away into the dark ages.' That party had, while on earth predicted the ruin of the country every year, because their principles had not been carried out—still the country had gone on prosperously. The opposite principles had been tried and succeeded in every instance, on the bank and tariff questions. And the whigs themselves admitted that such things were 'obsolete ideas.' So he had nothing left but to adopt those principles which were demonstrated to be sound, practicable and permanent, there were no other principles extant. And he joined the democratic party most heartily, and was most heartily welcomed.

DANIEL WEBSTER NOT FOR TAYLOR.—A Writer in the N. Y. Evening Post, of July 14, says that Mr. Webster was invited to address the late ratification Taylor meeting in N. Y. city, but declined, and gave his reasons. The Taylor Committee have tried to keep them secret, but they have leaked out. They are to the effect—

"That Southern statesmen have monopolized the highest offices in our government for the time since the Declaration of Independence, to exclusion of Northern men equally fitted and equally capable, and he

from the abuse of his federal opponents, democrats should keep a watchful eye upon him.

When Mr. Van Buren was President, and the country was thrown into the greatest confusion by causes beyond his control, he kept on the even tenor of his way, stuck to the Constitution, and would not yield up his democratic principles and adopt a conciliatory policy to please any body. Hence the origin of *conservatism*, or rather the open exhibition of it; and hence the overthrow of Mr. Van Buren's Administration.

The remains of the old federal party, and the new bank party (including many professed democrats) formed an unholy alliance to put out Mr. Van Buren, from whom both parties, federalists and bankites, could expect no favors or exclusive privileges, (the state of the country, brought about by the mischievous banking system, operated in their favor,) and to put into the Presidential chair a man whom they could bend to their selfish purposes, and through whom they could accomplish their objects of personal gain and political power. By coon and hard cider meetings, barbecues and drunken carousals, they succeeded; Mr. Van Buren was defeated; after which he pens the quotation at the head of this article. But how is it with Mr. Van Buren now? Will he consent to become the leader of these federalists, forming an alliance with disaffected democrats, against the democratic party? Will he cease "to merit the confidence of his friends" by "abandoning them" for the praise of his foes? If so, how have the mighty fallen! More anon.

THE NO-PRINCIPLE PARTY. We ask any honest man if better proof could be offered of the lack of principle in the federal party, than the course which the leaders of that party are now pursuing? Is it not apparent that they have no bonds of union, that they are joined by no common principles, that each one is striving to get advantage of the other, and promote his interests or further his political ends at all hazards, independent of the good of the people, or the honor of the country? In this country of the only free people on the face of the globe, where every thing should be done in decency and in order, and where the rights of man and the advancement of humanity should be regarded, to secure these ends, the feds will turn their public meetings into an arena scarcely less offensive to the good mind, than the bull fights and gladiatorial encounters of licentious Rome. The opposition to Mr. Polk's Administration has been bitter, unprincipled and scolded. The materials of which that opposition was composed, are now arrayed in hostility to each other, and the only hope for any improvement is, that the party has become so corrupt that it cannot exist much longer, but will soon fall to pieces with the weight of its enormous sins which have been long accumulating; that even now, it is virtually dissolved, as they admit, only existing in fragments; and that over its ruins will rise up the true principles of democracy, and the country be restored to peace, union and permanent prosperity.

"IN THE UNION."—Some have been curious to know how Gen. Taylor can reconcile the declaration contained in his Ingoldsby letter, that he preferred to see Mr. Clay President to "anybody living in the Union," with the subsequent declaration contained in his Baldwin letter, "that he would not withdraw his name if Mr. Clay was the nominee of the national convention." Mr. Clarke of Kentucky, in a late speech in the House of Representatives, reconciles the apparent inconsistency very satisfactorily. When Gen. T. preferred to see Mr. Clay President to any one "in" the country, he himself was then out of the country. His arrival however, "in" the country since, has made Mr. Clay his second choice.

From Cuba. We were informed, yesterday, by a passenger by the schooner Cherokee from Cardenas, Cuba, that during an entertainment given by a wealthy Creole at Trinidad de Cuba, on the 4th of July, some of the guests, natives of the island, headed by the proprietor, hoisted the American flag at the house. The troops were immediately called out, and every preparation made to suppress an insurrection of the Creoles. The entertainer (a highly respectable gentleman) was sent off immediately to Havana in irons, and the authorities are now busily engaged in searching out others who were connected with the transaction. We understand that the island is in a state of great agitation, which may terminate in a general rising of the Creoles. The entertainer (a highly respectable gentleman) was sent off immediately to Havana in irons, and the authorities are now busily engaged in searching out others who were connected with the transaction. We understand that the island is in a state of great agitation, which may terminate in a general rising of the Creoles at a moment's warning. [Charleson Co. 22.]

NEW MEXICO AND CALIFORNIA.—The Union publishes the message from the President in answer to resolutions offered by Mr. Stephens, in the House of Representatives, on the 14th ult., requesting information in relation to these new acquisitions. It is an able document, setting forth the value and importance of the territory acquired.

FOURTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.—We learn from the Eastern (Bath) Times, that the Democratic Republicans of Lincoln County will meet by their Delegates, in Convention at Wiscasset on Wednesday, the 23d inst., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Representative to Congress, to be supported by the Democracy of the 4th Congressional District.

Also, to select a suitable person to be supported for Elector of President and Vice President at the approaching Presidential Election.

HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE, for August, has been received. It is the cheapest, and according to its cost, decidedly the best work issued from the American press. Charles W. Holden, 109 Nassau street, N. Y., Publisher.

The LADIES' BOOK, for August, has come to hand finely embellished, and filled with the best of Magazine literature. \$3 per annum; two copies, \$5.

"Hurray for Fillmore," exclaimed a whig on Friday last, says the Chicago Democrat. "Why don't you hurray for Taylor too, says a Democrat. "I can't go more than half the ticket at a lick; I'm afraid 'twould chock me," was the answer.

PAY OF THE VOLUNTEERS. The Boston Post states that the average amount the Massachusetts volunteers receive is over sixty dollars in cash. This is in addition to the land bounty (100 acres) which is worth, nominally, \$200, and in lieu of which, if they prefer it, every volunteer received from the treasury department \$100 in scrip, bearing 6 per cent. interest. Some of the men have received as high as \$140, and none less than about \$10. They have all been paid off, and their encampment broken up.

SOUTH AMERICA. The Montevidean school Vigilante, arrived in New York on the 22d ult., after a short passage of 41 days from Montevideo. The Ports of Buenos Ayres and those of Banda Oriental are to be again blockaded by the French. Fifteen days have been allowed for all vessels that entered those ports while the blockade has been raised, to complete their loading and be off.

DEATH OF GOY SHUNK. Gov. Francis R. Shunk, of Pennsylvania, died at Harrisburg, in that State, on the 21st ult.

A VEGETABLE CURIOSITY. A curiosity in the vegetable kingdom has recently been discovered. It is a nut, and called the "vegetable ivory, or nut of the ivory plant." Its shell or outer covering is scarcely thicker than that of the common hazel nut, and of a similar color, and is so extremely hard that no instrument can readily make an impression on it. It is classed among the family of palms, and is common in the Mascarene islands, where it is called *toga* plant. It is described as about half as large again the large chestnut. The kernel, in its early state, includes a liquid liquor, which becomes milky and sweet, and at length acquires the solidity of ivory, which it very much resembles in color, polish, and consistency. It is said to be susceptible of being wrought and used for various purposes for which ivory has heretofore been employed.

HORRIBLE CASUALTY IN PORTLAND.—We learn from the Argosy that a pleasure boat was capsized in Portland harbor a week ago Saturday, by a sudden squall, and eight persons lost their lives. The names of those drowned, according to the Portland Advertiser, are the wife and three children of Mr. Wm. J. Smith, and four children of Mr. Whyley. Mr. Smith is an Englishman, a baker by trade, and has not now a relative on this side of the Atlantic. He was taken from the mast of the boat to which he was clinging almost exhausted. Mr. James Stephenson, a sailor, also on board, swam to a ledge of rocks and was saved. Mr. Smith says that "when the boat went from under him, his little girls—one aged about 5, the other 7 years—clung to his hair, and that he sank twice with them, when he lost all consciousness, and on coming to, he was clinging to the top of the mast, unconscious how he came there. Had he been able to swim, he might have saved them, as the ledge was within a stone's throw." Mr. Whyley, whose four children were drowned, was sitting on the wharf with a lantern in his hand, anxiously watching for the return of his little ones, when the fearful news reached him. We understand he has been in a state of delirium almost all the time since. But one body has been recovered.

From Cuba. We were informed, yesterday, by a passenger by the schooner Cherokee from Cardenas, Cuba, that during an entertainment given by a wealthy Creole at Trinidad de Cuba, on the 4th of July, some of the guests, natives of the island, headed by the proprietor, hoisted the American flag at the house. The troops were immediately called out, and every preparation made to suppress an insurrection of the Creoles. The entertainer (a highly respectable gentleman) was sent off immediately to Havana in irons, and the authorities are now busily engaged in searching out others who were connected with the transaction. We understand that the island is in a state of great agitation, which may terminate in a general rising of the Creoles at a moment's warning. [Charleson Co. 22.]

The insolence of the British tory press is equal to the crimes of the British government. The Liverpool Mail says the people of France, especially of Paris, do not understand the place they hold in Europe, and that "France must be punished for sparing the grievances which she has inflicted on herself and society." As some one can't do it, perhaps the tory alliance has got the matter in hand.

At a funeral, some years since, in the country, an honest old person officiated who was at times troubled with absence of mind, which would lead him into awkward scrapes. On the present occasion, as a part of the ceremony, it became his duty to give out a hymn suited to the solemn season. He opened the book and read very impressively the old hymn beginning "Believing we rejoice to see the curse removed," much to the astonishment of the assembly, especially as the funeral was a deacon of his own church.

"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE," CAPT. BRAGG.—We perceive from a late number of that spirited print, the Mobile Register, that the citizens of that city lately presented to the celebrated Captain, now Lieutenant Colonel BRAGG, a splendid sword, in token of his distinguished services. His reply is in excellent good taste, and is remarkable for its modesty and eloquence.

It appears that the gallant BRAGG is a decided Democrat—a fact that would not be inferred from his name, which looks very Whig, but the fact is said to be beyond dispute. His brother is one of the CASS and BUTLER electors in North Carolina. [Boston Times.]

It will be remembered that it was Captain Bragg's battery who according to Gen. Taylor's report, at the critical moment "saved the day" at the battle of Buena Vista. [Age.]

500 emigrants arrived at New York last Sunday and Monday.

DR. WISTAR AT THE SOUTH.—Be not deceived with vain hope—lay not the flattering notion to your soul that disease will cure itself; especially if that disease be Consumption or Liver Complaint. If you would be restored to health you must use the means which benevolence and a kind Providence have placed within your reach. The great and universally popular remedy for consumption and all chronic diseases, is now for sale in every city and important town in the country, and at a price, too,

No man ever repented of having kept silence.

From the Eastern Times.
HON. FRANKLIN CLARK.

Knowing that many of the friends of Mr. Clark as well as the fast friends of the Democratic cause, had received the impression that he would not consent, under any circumstances to have his name again used in our Congressional convention in connection with the nomination, we took the responsibility last week to say to such persons that the impression was altogether a mistaken one. We made the statement without having consulted Mr. C. in relation to the point; but we felt sure, reasoning from his well known devotion to the interests of our common political faith, that he could not refuse to allow his democratic constituents to express their united approbation of his course at Washington, by re-nominating him to the office he now holds, and by giving him a triumphant and honorable election. Still, though we felt satisfied ourselves in relation to Mr. Clark's feelings and purposes, we were disposed to make "assurance doubly sure," if possible, by obtaining from his own lips a confirmation of the position we assumed in that article. We therefore, some week or ten days previous to the publication of the article, wrote Mr. Clark upon the subject, stating the rumors relative to his proposed refusal to submit his name once more to his friends, and requesting him to write us a frank letter upon the subject. Since then, we are gratified to state, we have received a letter from him, dated "Washington, July 17th," (two days before our article was printed,) and though the latter is purely of a private character, intended merely for our individual satisfaction, yet we feel that we shall be justified in making a brief extract that the Democratic party of Lincoln and Oxford may see that Mr. Clark has not authorized any reports in relation to his determination to decline a nomination; on the contrary, that he is willing his name should be used by his democratic constituents in any way that may give promise of serving the interests of a cause in which and to which they have deep and mutual interests. The following is the extract:

I am aware that the time is now at hand when it is usual for the Democratic party in our district to select a candidate to represent it in Congress, and that is the desire of many of my friends to know my wishes and feelings in regard to a nomination. In candor I am constrained to say, that an endorsement of my course by the Democratic party for the brief period I have been in Congress, by a re-nomination, would not fail to impress me with the deepest feelings of gratitude, and that I should not hesitate to accept such a renewed token of their confidence and regard. But should the Democrats in their wisdom determine otherwise and select any one from among the many who are so much more competent to represent the district, I shall cheerfully acquiesce in their decision and do all in my power to secure the election of the most unconscious how he came there. Had he been able to swim, he might have saved them, as the ledge was within a stone's throw." Mr. Whyley, whose four children were drowned, was sitting on the wharf with a lantern in his hand, anxiously watching for the return of his little ones, when the fearful news reached him. We understand he has been in a state of delirium almost all the time since. But one body has been recovered.

In Norway, 10th ult., Mr. Rufus Bartlett, formerly of Plymouth, Mass., aged 87 years. In Norway, 25th ult., Mr. Zephaniah Frost, aged about 65 years. In Livermore, Mrs. Elijah Stevens, aged 78 years, a revolutionary pensioner.

MARRIAGES.—In this town, on Sabbath evening last, by Rev. C. B. Davis, Mr. Mark D. Knibb, of Hollis, to Miss Esther C. Sanborn, of Norway.

In Oxford, 16th ult., by Rev. W. Brown, Mr. William K. Staples to Miss Jane Morey, both of Oxford.

DEATHS.—In Norway, 10th ult., Mr. Rufus Bartlett, formerly of Plymouth, Mass., aged 87 years.

In Norway, 25th ult., Mr. Zephaniah Frost, aged about 65 years.

In Livermore, Mrs. Elijah Stevens, aged 78 years, a revolutionary pensioner.

CARDING AND CLOTH DRESSING.—

OXFORD NORMAL INSTITUTE.—
THE SECOND SESSION of this School will commence on Monday, the fourth day of September next, and continue twelve weeks.

This Institution is located in the ultra town of Oxford, a county seat, an ancient, industrial and mineral village of South Paris.

The building is new, elegant, sufficiently capacious to accommodate several hundred students, and has a delightful situation.

Those desirous of Teaching the ensuing winter will do better to attend this School, than to go elsewhere, as the County Teachers' Institute, according to the direction of Hon. Stephen Emery, member of the Board of Education, will be held at this (South Paris) village, commencing the 23d of September next.

Competent and approved Teachers of Vocal Music, Drawing and Painting, and Penmanship have been engaged.

At a funeral, some years since, in the country, an honest old person officiated who was at times troubled with absence of mind, which would lead him into awkward scrapes.

On the present occasion, as a part of the ceremony, it became his duty to give out a hymn suited to the solemn season. He opened the book and read very impressively the old hymn beginning "Believing we rejoice to see the curse removed,"

much to the astonishment of the assembly, especially as the funeral was a deacon of his own church.

"A LITTLE MORE GRAPE," CAPT. BRAGG.—

We perceive from a late number of that spirited print, the Mobile Register, that the citizens of that city lately presented to the celebrated Captain, now Lieutenant Colonel BRAGG, a splendid sword, in token of his distinguished services. His reply is in excellent good taste, and is remarkable for its modesty and eloquence.

It appears that the gallant BRAGG is a decided Democrat—a fact that would not be inferred from his name, which looks very Whig, but the fact is said to be beyond dispute. His brother is one of the CASS and BUTLER electors in North Carolina. [Boston Times.]

It will be remembered that it was Captain Bragg's battery who according to Gen. Taylor's report, at the critical moment "saved the day" at the battle of Buena Vista. [Age.]

500 emigrants arrived at New York last Sunday and Monday.

DR. WISTAR AT THE SOUTH.—Be not deceived with vain hope—lay not the flattering notion to your soul that disease will

cure itself; especially if that disease be Consumption or Liver Complaint. If you would be restored to health you must use the means which benevolence and a kind Providence have placed within your reach. The great and universally popular remedy for consumption and all chronic diseases, is now for sale in every city and important town in the country, and at a price, too,

No man ever repented of having kept silence.

Window Sashes.—

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

JOSHUA HOWARD, Driver.

Harrison, July, 1848.

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

JOSHUA HOWARD, Driver.

Harrison, July, 1848.

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

JOSHUA HOWARD, Driver.

Harrison, July, 1848.

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

JOSHUA HOWARD, Driver.

Harrison, July, 1848.

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

JOSHUA HOWARD, Driver.

Harrison, July, 1848.

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

JOSHUA HOWARD, Driver.

Harrison, July, 1848.

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

JOSHUA HOWARD, Driver.

Harrison, July, 1848.

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

JOSHUA HOWARD, Driver.

Harrison, July, 1848.

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

JOSHUA HOWARD, Driver.

Harrison, July, 1848.

500 LIGHTS of Double Sash 6 by 12 and 9 by 12 dove-tail Sash, extra quality, glazed and unglazed, for sale by HUMPHREY & STEPHENS, North Paris, April 8, 1848.

P O E T R Y.

SPIRITUAL BEAUTY.

That pale and shadow beauty,
It haunts my vision now.
The genius radiating
From the dazzling marble brow—
The high and saintly fervor,
The meek and child-like faith,
The trusting glance, which sayeth,
More than mortal accents said;
They haunt me when the night-winds swell,
And daylight cannot break their spell.

I see the blue eye shining
Through the lashes as they fall,
And inward glory speaking
To the inward life of all—
A ray that was illuminated
At the far celestial light,
And burns through mist and shadow,
A beacon ever bright,
Serene, sapient, and sublime—
And changes with the flight of time.

A faint, transparent rose-light
Is trembling on the cheek,
And ling'ring on the pale lip—
A glow that seems to speak.
It wavers like the taper—
Dim-lit at forest shrub—
When night-winds whisper to it:
It breathes of the Divine,
With its ethereal mystery,
Too fragile of the earth to be.

Her grace is as a shadow!
As undefinable—
Wedded to every motion thus,
And rarely beautiful.
Untaught, and all unconscious
It hath a voice to me
Which eloquently speaketh
Of inward harmony—

Of Soul and Sense together swayed—
To the First Soul an off'ring made.

That pale and shadowy beauty,
It seemed an inward thing;
A spiritual vision—
A chaste imagining;
Not all in form or feature,
The fairy phantom dwelt,
But like the air of heaven,
Was yet less seen than felt;
A presence the true heart to move
To praise, and prayer, and holy Love.

LINES.

BY ELIZA COOK.

Oh! never breathe a dead one's name;
When those who loved that one are nigh;
It pours a larva through the frame
That chokes the breast and fills the eye;
It strains a chord that yields too much
Of piercing anguish in its breath,
And hands of mercy should not touch
A string made eloquent by death.

Oh! never breathe a lost one's name
To those who called that one their own;
It only stirs the mouldering flame
That burns upon a charred stone.
The heart will ache, and well nigh break;
To miss that one forever fled;
And lips of mercy should not wake
A love that cherishes the dead.

MISCELLANEOUS.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

A London police reporter represents a Hibernian, with a pole as red as the Red Lion at Brentford, and rendered still redder by a copious discharge of blood, which oozed through a dirty rag, tied over a recent wound on his scalp, applying at the Bow street office for a warrant.

"Well, Pat," asked the magistrate, (for his countenance operated as a sort of finger post, pointing to the road whence he came) "what do you want?"

"I'd be wanting a warrant, place yer honor," replied Pat.

"Against whom?"

"Ag'n Barney O'Leary, place your reverence."

"For what?"

"For murder, yer grace."

"Who did he murder?"

"Divil a crittur but myself, yer honor."

"And has he murdered you?"

"By my soul he has, bad luck to him! He cut a hole in my head big enough to bury a cat!"

"He hasn't killed you outright, I see."

"It's not his fault that he hasn't, yer honor, for he intended it and nothing surer."

"I suppose an assault warrant will suit your purpose?"

"Yer honor knows what's best, and I'll take what I can git!"

"When did he assault you?"

"Last night that was, yer reverence."

"Did he hit you with a stick?"

"For God he didn't, yer honor, but with a poker!"

"A poker! that's a dangerous weapon."

"Divil a doubt of it."

"Where were you?"

"Where was I? why in bed to be sure."

"As sound as a roach, yer honor."

"And what provocation had you given him?"

"Divil a provocation at all, yer honor; how could I when I was sound asleep?"

"What do you mean to say he came to your bed side, and struck you in this dreadful manner without the slightest provocation?"

"It's truth what you say, yer honor, barring become to his own bedside instead of mine."

"His own bedside? were you in his bed?"

"Faith, you guessed it, yer honor."

"And what brought you there?"

"That's more'n I can tell, yer honor, bawling the liquor that was in me!"

"And was this in you did to provoke him?"

"I see the blue eye shining

"Divil a thing else!"
"Was there any other person present?"
"Not a creature, independent of his wife."
"His wife?"
"Of course."
"Of course! and don't you think you deserved what you got?"
"Is it me?"
"Yes, you."
"Sure it was all a mistake, yer honor. I thought 'twas my own wife, and divil the hair of her head I touched."

"That may be, but you must be more careful in future; and I think under these circumstances you must be content with what you have got—I cannot grant a warrant."

"Thank yer honor; but when he hitsme again it won't be for nothing."

Exit Pat, shrugging up his shoulders, evidently disappointed.

It turned out that the fellow went drunk to bed, and was unconscious where he was till Barney gave him a gentle hint with his iron persuader, fortunately his skull was thick enough to resist the intended hit. Barney's wife, who was awake by the shock, lent her assistance in whacking him out of the room. She expressed her utter unconsciousness of his presence till her lawful lord arrived and discovered the intruder.

Mrs. SCRUGGINS ON "SHOPPIN'." "I'm fond of shoppin'," said Mrs. Scruggins, the other day, to one of her feminine friends. "I am indeed. Knowledge in hownsoever circumscription a boundary you find it is wonderful; whether in the congregational halls at Washington, in the penitentiary at the city, or even in the sanctum of an editor, it's all the same thing—knowledge is wonderful. Even behind a counter, it isn't to be sneezed at! Mr. Skinkle, the other day, paid a distressin' nice compliment to our sex, when he said, he'd goin' to have to minime clerks in his store, 'cause they knowed how to talk. I advised him (at a friend, you know) not to think of it, as young ladies never went shoppin' to buy things, so much as they did to see the clerks. I've noticed one thing, Mr. Skinkle, says I, in my experience, and that is, them stores as has the good lookin' clerks in 'em, is alays full, while them as has ugly ones, is empty.

When I goes a shoppin' I allays asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it suits me, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap, and can't be got at enny other place for less, I most allers take it, without chappin' about it, all day long, like some people does.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

It is extraordinary how cheap persons as understand shoppin' can lay things sometimes. The clerks down town all know me as well; and they allays let me have things cheaper than any body else; they say it's no use in tryin' to take me in." Mrs. Scruggins, said one of 'em to the other day, "Mr. Scruggins, that piece of calico I'll let you have at twenty cents a yard. If it was somethin' as didn't understand prices, I'd ask thirty cents, and it's just the same way with all others. One on 'em did get rather in the advancement of me the other day. I bought four yards of lace at thirty-five cents a yard, and he took his change out of a five dollar bill at the ratio of forty cents. Mr. Skinkle says computation is the life of trade, and I spose that 'ere young man thought so too, or he wouldn't have counted so fast. I went back again afterwards, but I couldn't find the store; that's the last of them twenty cents, I spose. Well! what's done can't be helped, as some person of sense has observed!"

Mrs. Scruggins always became silent after reviewing her pecuniary losses. The twenty cent affair seemed to trouble her amazingly.

TIMING IT.

A minister in the highlands of Scotland found one of his parishioners intoxicated. The next day he called to reprove him for it.

"It is very wrong to get drunk," said the parson.

"I ken that" said the guilty person, "but then I dinna drink as nekkle as ye do."

"What sir—is that that?"

"Why, gin it please ye, dinna ye aye take a glass o' whisky and water after dinner?"

"Why, yes, Jemmy, surely I take a little whisky after dinner merely to aid digestion."

"And dinys ye take a glass o' whisky tody every night before ye gang to bed?"

"Yes, to be sur I just take a little tody at night to help me to sleep."

"Well," continued the parson, "that's just fourteen glasses a week, and about sixty every month. I only get paid once a month, an' then if I'd take sixty glasses, it wad make me dead drunk for a week—now ye see the only difference is ye TIME IT better than I do."

A POSTER.—A calm, blue-eyed, self-possessed and self-composed young lady in a village not a thousand miles from the White Hills, received a long call the other day from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond even her own conception of the young lady's endurance, came to the main question which had brought her thither: "I been asked a good many times if you was engaged to Mr. —— Now it folks inquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I think?" "Tell them," answered the young lady, fixing her calm blue eyes in unblushing steadiness upon the inquisitive features of her interrogator, "tell them that you think you don't know, and you are sure it is none of your business."

It's truth what you say, yer honor, barring become to his own bedside instead of mine."

"His own bedside? were you in his bed?"

"Faith, you guessed it, yer honor."

"And what brought you there?"

"That's more'n I can tell, yer honor, bawling the liquor that was in me!"

"And was this in you did to provoke him?"

"I see the blue eye shining

"Divil a thing else!"

"Was there any other person present?"

"Not a creature, independent of his wife."

"Of course."

"Of course! and don't you think you deserved what you got?"

"Is it me?"

"Yes, you."

"Sure it was all a mistake, yer honor. I thought 'twas my own wife, and divil the hair of her head I touched."

"That may be, but you must be more careful in future; and I think under these circumstances you must be content with what you have got—I cannot grant a warrant."

"Thank yer honor; but when he hitsme again it won't be for nothing."

Exit Pat, shrugging up his shoulders, evidently disappointed.

It turned out that the fellow went drunk to bed, and was unconscious where he was till Barney gave him a gentle hint with his iron persuader, fortunately his skull was thick enough to resist the intended hit. Barney's wife, who was awake by the shock, lent her assistance in whacking him out of the room. She expressed her utter unconsciousness of his presence till her lawful lord arrived and discovered the intruder.

Mrs. SCRUGGINS ON "SHOPPIN'." "I'm fond of shoppin,'" said Mrs. Scruggins, the other day, to one of her feminine friends. "I am indeed. Knowledge in hownsoever circumscription a boundary you find it is wonderful; whether in the congregational halls at Washington, in the penitentiary at the city, or even in the sanctum of an editor, it's all the same thing—knowledge is wonderful. Even behind a counter, it isn't to be sneezed at! Mr. Skinkle, the other day, paid a distressin' nice compliment to our sex, when he said, he'd goin' to have to minime clerks in his store, 'cause they knowed how to talk. I advised him (at a friend, you know) not to think of it, as young ladies never went shoppin' to buy things, so much as they did to see the clerks. I've noticed one thing, Mr. Skinkle, says I, in my experience, and that is, them stores as has the good lookin' clerks in 'em, is alays full, while them as has ugly ones, is empty.

When I goes a shoppin' I allays asks for what I wants, and if they have it, and it suits me, and I feel inclined to buy it, and it's cheap, and can't be got at enny other place for less, I most allers take it, without chappin' about it, all day long, like some people does.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is 'cause they fade fast in the water.

I got tuck in, misadventurly, the other day, in buyin' a new dress. I thought I was gettin' somethin' that would wash, but it wouldn't. I can't think why they enufs enico warranted to washin', fast colors, unless it is